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VOL. XXVI.

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Christian Secretary.

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From the Am. Messenger.

A Sinner at the Church.

Solomon says, "I saw the wicked buried,
who had come and gone from the place of the
holy;" but without an essential change he
will be buried with the wicked. We see
him always, when at the church. We weep
and pray over him. Lord, open thy eyes,
that he may see.

From the Cross and Journal:
Family Prayer.

"Come to the place of prayer!
Parents and children come and kneel before
Your God, and with united hearts adore
Him whose alone your life and being are."

The family altar! How many delightful
and hallowed associations cluster around it!
It is the altar of the household, where
parents and children bow together in devout
adoration, where blessings are supplicated,
and the sweet incense of praise goes
up to heaven.

Joshua of old, who was not content to serve
God alone; he would have his household
engage in that service with him. God
should be worshipped in the family. There
is something peculiarly delightful in the de-
vout gathering of a family around the family
altar, to read God's word, and how in
solemn reverence in his presence. God is
there. Angels hover around the hallowed
spot; and there, as in the case of Noah,
when he went forth from the ark, and built
an altar and offered of the clean beasts that
were with him, the Lord smells a sweet
savor, and turns away his curse. God hangs
over such a scene the bow of his mercy, the
abiding token of his presence.

Who does not feel that there is beauty,
and blessedness, and excellency in the scene
so faithfully depicted by one of Scotland's
bards, when the patriarchal sire of the family
with the venerated Bible of the household—

"Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He walks a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

Then kneeling down to heaven's Eastern King,
The saint, the father, and the husband pray,
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wings,
That thus they all shall meet in future day."

How sweet the thought! We each have
a guardian angel! A bright being that is
always in the presence of God, watches
over us—grieves when we listen to the
voice of the tempter, and rejoices when we
answer the hailing entreaties of the fallen
angel, with the words, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" How cheering are
guardian angels! A little infant is gently slum-
bering in its cradle, smiling sweetly. Look
above its little bed; behold its guardian an-
gel painting bright dreams for its sleeping
hours. Ever and anon he pauses in his
work, and looks down upon his little charge
with tender love.

The scene is changed. The child is

playing with its new-bought toys in the

flowery garden. But what is that light

cloud over its head, that moves when it

moves, and rests when it rests? Ah! the

feeble veil opens, and in it we perceive the

guardian angel. But the child has strayed

near to the beautiful bush, which bears on

its graceful stems most lovely white roses.

The little one puts out its hand to snatch a

blooming prize, but remembers the words

of its mother, "pluck not those flowers, my

dear, but all the others in the garden are yours."

The tempter comes to whisper,

"It will not be known." The child listens,

and soon its little hands clasp the wished-

treasure. But what is that on the flow-

er, it cannot be dew? No; it is the

tear of the angel—the tear of grief. Now,

the disobedient little one thinks of its of-

fended mother, and dares not go to her;—

for, although she knows not of his fault, yet

she cannot meet her tender love, with the

pleasure he is wont to feel. "Go and con-

fess," whispers a still, small voice. The

child cannot longer wait, but running to its

parent, tells of its misdeed. What light is

that which gleams around the head of

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, JUNE 18.

We made arrangements with a friend from another town to furnish us with the doings of the Convention, and waited until Wednesday afternoon, the time for making up our paper, for the letter, when we received a line from him informing us that he should not be able to furnish the account, his time having been otherwise occupied. The members of the Convention know that we were so much engaged with other business, during the meeting, as to forbid the idea of giving anything like a full report of the proceedings, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that at this late moment we have but a very few minutes to do it. We are sorry to disappoint our friends, but under the circumstances it is unavoidable. We will endeavor to give some further particulars in our next.

The Convention.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of the Connecticut Baptist Convention was held with the Baptist church at Deep River, June 8, 9, and 10. The officers elected for the ensuing year, the President, Rev. J. S. Swan, having declined a re-election, are as follows:

REV. ROBERT TURNBULL, President.

W. G. HOWARD, Vice President.

E. CUSHMAN, Secretary.

WAREHAM GRISWOLD, Treasurer.

CHAUNCEY G. SMITH, Auditor.

Trustees.—D. Ives, J. S. Swan, G. Read, A. Gates, B. Cook, C. S. Weaver, A. Parker, A. E. Denison, Wm. Reid, H. R. Knapp.

Two new churches were received; one at Brookfield, the other at Windham Centre.

The annual sermon was preached on Tuesday evening to a crowded house, by Rev. J. S. Swan, from Numbers xiv. 8, "If the Lord delight in us, then will he bring us into this land, and give it us." It was a seasonable and timely discourse, adapted to the occasion, and was listened to with unusual interest by the entire congregation.

Wednesday, P. M., Domestic Missions, Home Missions, and the Bible cause were discussed. Among others, Bro. J. Cook and I. R. Steward addressed the meeting. A collection of \$25 was taken for the benefit of the M. A. M. church in New York, of which Eld. Steward was pastor.

Wednesday evening the subject of Foreign Missions was considered. The committee to whom the subject was referred, having reported, the resolutions were discussed by Rev. O. Tracy, Swan, Cushing, and others, and a collection for Foreign Missions amounting to \$19,000 was taken.

The meeting was very fully represented, and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout. The remark was made by many of the delegates that it was the pleasantest meeting of the Convention they had ever attended. The business was closed on Thursday at noon, and after a solemn prayer by Rev. D. Ives of Suffield, they separated with feelings of mutual regard, strengthened, we have reason to believe, by the social and friendly interview which they enjoyed while assembled together.

We cannot omit to mention the kind attention of our friends at Deep River on the occasion. Every thing that could render the visit pleasant and agreeable was most cheerfully done. The only difficulty which some of us experienced was in deciding where we should take our lodgings, so numerous and pressing were the invitations of our friends. The choir of singers, an excellent one by the way, deserve praise for the promptness with which, for three days, they so punctually attended the meetings.

Many of the delegates visited Deep River for the first time, and were very agreeably disappointed in finding a large and beautiful village of handsomely painted houses, paved walks, tidy gardens, and a miniature Hoboken in the back-ground. Everything wore the appearance of industry and thrift; and we were told that there was not a vagabond or an idler in the village, every body was busy, and if a dronc chance to come that way he was obliged to leave for want of company.

The next session of the Convention is to be held with the 2d Baptist church in Suffield—Rev. E. Cushman to preach the annual sermon—Rev. D. Ives of Norwich, his alternate.

Education Society.

The Connecticut Baptist Education Society held their anniversary at Deep River, the 9th inst. The Report of the Board was read by the Secretary, Bro. Cushman, and unanimously ordered to be printed. It is a sensible document, and worthy not only to be read, but marked and inwardly digested by all our churches.

Of their beneficiaries, one has ceased to receive their patronage, as he has been ordained to the work of the ministry in a neighboring State; two have been transferred to the Northern Baptist Education Society, as they are pursuing their theological course at Newton.

The Society have now under their auspices four young men of hopeful promise. Of these, two are members of Trinity College, one is at Brown University, and the other, a colored brother, is at New Hampton, N. H.

The annual election resulted in the choice of Rev. A. G. Palmer, President.

Rev. G. Robbins, Vice Presidents.

Rev. H. Miller, Secretary.

J. R. Stone, Treasurer.

Rev. Messrs. E. Cushman, L. G. Leonard, R. K. Bellamy, R. Turnbull, W. G. Howard, Trustees. Several changes were occasioned by the connection of brethren with the official responsibilities of the Convention.

The Society, from its relation to the Institution at Suffield, elected the requisite number of Trustees, and accepted the annual report of its affairs, which are now highly encouraging.

Besides the accustomed business of the Society, several resolutions were passed, after being ably and happily advocated by ministering and other brethren, among whom we remember the names and remarks of father Peck, H. Wooster, S. D. Phelps, O. Tracy, L. G. Leonard, I. R. Steward, J. H. Mather, G. Robbins, &c.

The addresses of Dr. Phelps, a former beneficiary, now pastor of the First Baptist church N. Haven, and of Bro. Steward, whose praise is in all the churches that know him, were peculiarly interesting and affecting. The first testified to the importance of this Society, from the advantages it had already furnished him, in thus being made a ripe scholar and an able minister; the other plead for

its interests and objects as heartily, from a consciousness of his deficiencies—deficiencies which education would have prevented, and thus made him more able still than he now is. This argument for ministerial education is a strong one—not so, from its special application. Bro. Steward is one of our best and most successful preachers, and by his earnest piety and naturally vigorous, gigantic mind, has won for himself a high place in the estimation of the public. But he himself feels that he might have done a much better work, if he had enjoyed the advantages this Society helps to secure—nay, that much of his present power and efficiency is owing, somewhat, to the indirect influence of this same organization, through the young men it has educated.

All the services of this Society were exceedingly interesting, and will doubtless be long remembered. Brethren, let the cause of Ministerial Education and the interests of the Suffield Institution, have a larger place in your hearts, your prayers, and your patronage.

ROYAL.

Pulling Down the Church.

It is comparatively easy to destroy the influence of the Church over the hearts of the ungodly, by disparaging her, and dwelling on her faults in a sneering, contemptuous tone and style. But when this is done, what else shall be substituted? Would all who are engaged in this task have had, if not grace, at least, the power to foresee the dreadful consequences of their conduct? When the restraints of the Church (imperfect as she is) are once taken off from the unconverted, they give themselves up without concern, to the pursuit of this world. It is marvellously pleasant to them to hear God's professed people decried and derided. There no opiate like it for a troubled conscience.—*Ohio One.*

It is a lamentable fact that there are professing Christians who are in the habit of speaking against the Church which they profess to love, who seem to take pleasure in pointing out her faults, but are seldom, if ever known to be engaged in striving to do those faults and to build up the Redeemer's kingdom. They seem to take it for granted that they are good enough themselves, and have nothing else to do but to talk of the faults of others.—If a member of the church has been guilty of some improper conduct, these busy bodies are the first to find it out, and instead of going to the erring member and telling him of his faults, as the Bible directs, they will take a directly opposite course by spreading them all over the church and as far as the world as they possibly can.

The thought never seems to enter their hearts that they are inflicting a positive wound upon the cause of Christ—that if every other member should adopt the same course which they are pursuing, the Church would virtually cease to exist—that it does in fact cease to exist just so far as their influence is concerned. They seem to forget that they have publicly professed themselves to be the meek and lowly followers of Jesus Christ, whose sole object while here on earth was to do good, and who commanded his disciples to follow him. They seem to forget all this and appear to devote themselves to a single object—that of destroying the influence of the Church over the world. A careless word, or even a contemptuous look from a professed disciple of Christ may be sufficient to produce in the mind of an impudent sinner impressions that will never be eradicated—impressions that may settle his destiny forever; and yet they are regardless of all this in their eagerness to talk of the failings of some unfortunate member of the church. The number of persons who are in the habit of indulging in this business, is, we have reason to believe, comparatively small; but the influence which they exert upon the entire world is so great that it can never be fully estimated in this world. Yet they go on regardless of consequences, and without even stopping to ask themselves, "what is to be substituted in the place of that which they have destroyed?" If the members of the church as a body would refuse to listen to the idle tales of these tattlers, it would produce a healthy influence upon them; and perhaps prove the means of curing them of their folly.

France.

From the New York Recorder.

AUXERRE, May 13, 1847.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—You kindly requested me on my departure from my native land, to furnish anything for the New York Recorder which I might do would be interesting to your readers. My numerous avocations have hitherto prevented me from complying with your request.—I now take the liberty, however, of sending to you the enclosed letter, addressed to me by the author of the "Piedmont Envoy," "The Philanthropist," &c., which I earnestly hope may tend to awaken American Christians to more zealous and persevering exertions in behalf of France.

Many of the delegates visited Deep River for the first time, and were very agreeably disappointed in finding a large and beautiful village of handsomely painted houses, paved walks, tidy gardens, and a miniature Hoboken in the back-ground. Everything wore the appearance of industry and thrift; and we were told that there was not a vagabond or an idler in the village, every body was busy, and if a dronc chance to come that way he was obliged to leave for want of company.

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test offspring, Puseyism, may well call forth some reflections upon our past neglect, when this fine country was first open to missionary exertion during the reign of Napoleon. If at that period England and America had diverted some part of the current of their Christian seal into this land, it is probable that ere this, Romanism would have been smitten with a stroke which would have prevented the power of reaction. I would, however, refer to the past, only as a stimulus to present activity. The revival of evangelical truth among the French Protestants during the last twenty years, has led to results of the most encouraging nature, the cheering details of which we heard at the annuals that we attended through the past week.

How much I wish that a large body of Christians from our respective countries, could have looked upon (for they would not have found room to stay) the large and attentive audience that crowded the chapel Taithout, at the anniversary of the *Socieite Evangelique*. Reflecting upon the period when Infidelity reigned over superstition, and Protestantism had only a "name to live" but "was dead," how

would they have rejoiced to hear of numerous congregations gathered around the standard of the gospel, and of an open field almost everywhere, for the proclamation of the truth. When they heard that the want of laborers to occupy the land, and still more, of pecuniary support, were the chief obstacles to the entire evangelization of France,—surely they would have felt, as I did, that this semi-idolatrous country is *now* one of our most important spheres of missionary effort. Easy and inexpensive to cultivate, it will soon bring a rich increase, and its converts, at no distant period, will take their place among the missionaries to entirely heathen lands.

The *Socieite Evangelique* is doubtless well known in the United States, though perhaps all the Christians there may not understand the liberal and Christian basis upon which it is founded. It supports evangelists, colporteurs, and schoolmasters, without distinction of sect or opinion, leaving each at full liberty to profess his own views on minor points. It does not, however, maintain such as become *pastors of churches* leaving them to the support of their own flocks; but as evangelists, they are, as far as I can learn, at liberty to baptize either believers or children, and to administer the Lord's Supper to their converts, according to the forms they approve. The zeal and economy with which the affairs of this society are conducted, have secured the confidence of English Christians, and there are now two societies in London, who aid the evangelization of France, by remitting funds to the kindred evangelical societies of Paris and Geneva.

As agents for the work to be found in Switzerland and in France, it can be most efficiently conducted by committees on the spot. The Paris society has now竈竈 claims upon the friends of voluntary churches in those two countries which we have the happiness to call our own, for its resources in France have been, and are likely to be, lessened by the recent formation of a society called *Socieite Centrale Protestant de France*. This has been established exclusively by the Protestants who receive State pay, and for the purpose of extending their own *national church*. Some of the ministers of that church continue to ally themselves with the *Socieite Evangelique*, but the majority regard it as *too dissenting*. Alas! that they should be so blind to the Anti-Christ of their own sect,—its State alliance. The fact shows the old society, whose claims I have endeavored to plead, more easily upon the liberality of the United States and upon the Dissenters of England, who should be the principal and defenders of the only true religious freedom.

The place where I now am, Auxerre, is another encouraging example of the recent introduction of Protestant worship, through the zealous exertions of an English lady, a Baptist, who was detained here some years since by illness, and was thus led to use exertions to send the gospel here, which she has been able to accomplish by remitting the subscriptions necessary to enable the *Socieite Evangelique* to support minister, and to hire a large assembly-room for the worship.

I must not lengthen this letter further, than to express the hope that you will be able to increase the interest of your countrymen in the evangelization of France, and will now subscribe myself.

Yours very truly, P.

REVIVAL.—We learn from Zion's Advocate that the Baptist church in New Gloucester, Maine, is enjoying the success of its labors. The pastor, Rev. J. Ricker, baptized twenty during the month of May, and others are of course to follow soon. The whole church has been thoroughly revived, and a spirit of child-like confidence and holy importunity has seemed to pervade all the people as a compound of all that is vile, is here represented in his true character; the causes of his treason are fully brought out, and his whole history fairly related. This trait in the author, is one which imparts to his writings peculiar value. It is too often the case that biographers attempt to cover up the faults of the men of whom they write and to extenuate their virtues and noble deeds. "Speak me as I am," said a distinguished poet, and this is just what Headley has done by "Washington and his Generals."

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.—Lits intelligence from Burmah states that *fourteen hundred* converts are awaiting baptism on the field of the Rev. Mr. Abbott's labors in Burmah. Surely there is reason for the most undivided and doubtless friend of the mission enterprise to thank God and take courage.

The whole number of natives received into the churches at the Sandwich Islands from the commencement of the mission, is 33,198; of these 5,485 have died, and about the same number are under censure; making the present number of church members in regular standing, nearly 23,000; the number admitted during the past year is 1,729.

The Nestorian mission is said to be in a very prosperous condition. The Female Seminary at Orono was enjoying a revival of religion at the last accounts.

DEATH OF DR. VINET.—We learn by the following correspondence of the recent introduction of Protestant worship, through the zealous exertions of an English lady, a Baptist, who was detained here some years since by illness, and was thus led to use exertions to send the gospel here, which she has been able to accomplish by remitting the subscriptions necessary to enable the *Socieite Evangelique* to support minister, and to hire a large assembly-room for the worship.

I must not lengthen this letter further, than to express the hope that you will be able to increase the interest of your countrymen in the evangelization of France, and will now subscribe myself.

Yours very truly, P.

REVIVAL.—We learn from Zion's Advocate that Dr. Abbott, the "Chalmers of Switzerland" as he has been styled, is no more. The American public are acquainted with his writings through the translation of Rev. Mr. Turnbull.

CAHUHUA.—Intelligence up to April 3d has been received at St. Louis, via. Santa Fe, which represents things as being in a bad condition there. Caprice had 250 men on duty, which are described as a military mob without discipline. The whole church has been thoroughly revived, and a spirit of child-like confidence and holy importunity has seemed to pervade all the people as a compound of all that is vile, is here represented in his true character; the causes of his treason are fully brought out, and his whole history fairly related. This trait in the author, is one which imparts to his writings peculiar value. It is too often the case that biographers attempt to cover up the faults of the men of whom they write and to extenuate their virtues and noble deeds. "Speak me as I am," said a distinguished poet, and this is just what Headley has done by "Washington and his Generals."

PORTRAITS OF GREENE, Moultrie, Lincoln, Lee, Sullivan, Marion, Lafayette, and Paul Jones, ornamental to the second volume. For sale by E. Hunt.

THE BIBLE NOT OF MAN. Am. Tract Society.

An able argument, by Rev. Gardner Spring, D. D., in favor of the Divine origin of the Sacred Scriptures, drawn from the Scriptures themselves. The "internal evidences of the Bible" are discussed in the usual clear and forcible style of Dr. Spring, and the arguments presented in a manner so convincing that even a skeptical mind cannot fail to see the beauty and divine authenticity of the Bible. We wish it a wide circulation, especially in these days of unbelief and semi-infidelity. For sale by Charles Hosmer.

SCHMITZ'S HISTORY OF ROME. Harpers.

This volume, by Dr. Leonard Schmitz, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, is designed for the use of High Schools and Colleges, and embraces a history of Rome from the earliest times to the death of Commodus, A. D. 192, when the moral degradation of the Empire had reached its highest point. Mr. Schmitz contends, and we think with good reason, that, in this volume, he has expurgated the old errors and misconceptions in regard to Roman history which have been allowed to remain in the books used in the schools, notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts which have been made within the last thirty or forty years by great men of all countries in investigating the history of Rome—her Constitution, Laws, Religion, Literature and social condition. As a text book we regard it as one which has ever appeared before the public. For sale by Belknap and Hauseley.

THE AMERICAN HISTORY OF GORDON & CO. In another column. From what we have seen in Liverpool and New York papers respecting this movement, we are of opinion that the plan to settle a large tract of uncult

Poetry.

For the Christian Secretary.
Joy in Sorrow's Tear.

TO HELEN.

Who, Sister, 'mid the maze of earth,
How low or high so'er their birth,
Esteem it not a boon most rare,
To drop betimes the scalding tear?

Should death our hallowed circle break,
And from that group the dearest take,
Thrice happy, then, if we can shed
A tear in memory of the dead.

If to our hearts, for true friend,
We press, in angel garb, a friend,
Our spirit then, O what can cheer,
Except the kindly flowing tear?

And times there are, we know not why,
A tear should flow to dim the eye;
Though naphys pure as May can yield,
With flowers sport in grove and field,—

Though Friendship's kindest voice we hear
In sounds of love our souls to cheer,
Then, cease these, a tear will start
All warm upgush from the heart.

When on the breath of morn and even,
Devotion wafts our souls to Heaven—
When holy joy awakes within
From consciousness of pardoned sin,—

When precious blood by Jesus spilt,
We feel, has cleansed our souls from guilt,
Then what the gratitude we owe,
Can pay, but penitential tears that flow?

When purest pleasures true hearts taste,
And "golden hours" most rapid haste,
There's meaning in the broken sigh,
There's language in the swimming eye.

And what our lives, but hopes and fears,
Exulting joys and flowing tears;

Nor do we wish those drops to dry,
Till earth we flee, to mount the sky.

Nor, dearest, will we cease to raise
Our thoughts in gratitude and praise,
Till while our souls are lone and drear,
They refuge find in Sorrow's Tear.

PARNS.

Still MORN.

"Jesus W.apt."—St. John xii. 35.

Still mourn, lone heart, for the belov'd and dead:
Still may the tear of sorrowing love be shed.

For the departed. O restrain not thou!

The tide of grief awakened at the tomb;

And while the drops of sacred sorrow flow,

One thought shall light the spirit's deepening groan

And lead the mourner to his feet, through whom

Hopes of salvation o'er the bosom glow.

When Jesus wept and sorrowed o'er the dead,

When mournful tears gushed from his holy eyes,

He hallowed grief for sainted goodness fled,

For worth departed to its kindred skies.

Bereaved heart, weep on, nor check the sigh,

But as the righteous seek to live and die.

Prot. Charchman.

Religious & Moral.

The Congressman's Reasons.

I recollect one member of Congress who was always rallying me about our Congressional Temperance Society. "Briggs," he used to say, "I am going to 'fix' your temperance society, as soon as my demijohn is empty," but just before it became empty, he always filled it again. At one time towards the close of the session, he said to me, "I am going to sign the pledge when I get home." "Well, you have said so great many times." "But," he replied, "I am in earnest; my demijohn is nearly empty, and I am not going to fill it again." He spoke with such an air of seriousness as I had not before observed in him, and as impressed me; and I asked him what it meant—what had changed his feelings. "Why," said he, "I had a short time since a visit from my brother, who stated to me a fact that more deeply impressed and affected me, than anything I recollect to have heard upon the subject in any temperance speech I ever heard or read:

"In my neighborhood is a gentleman of my acquaintance, well educated, who once had some property, but now reduced—poor! He has a beautiful and lovely wife, a lady of cultivation and refinement—and a most charming daughter.

"This gentleman had become decidedly intemperate in his habits, and had fully alarmed his friends in regard to him. At one time, when a number of his former associates were together, they counseled as to what could be done for him. Finally, one of them said to him, 'Why don't you send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school' which he named. 'O, I cannot,' said he, 'It is out of the question. I am not able to bear the expense. Poor girl! I wish I could!' 'Well,' said his friend, 'if you will sign the temperance pledge, I will be to all the expense of her attending school for one year.' 'What does this mean?' said he, 'Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?' 'No matter, said his friend, 'about that now, but I will do as I said.' 'And I,' said another, 'will pay the rent of your farm a year, if you will sign the pledge.' 'Well, these offers are certainly liberal—but what do they mean? Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard? What can it mean? But gentlemen, in view of your liberality, I will make an offer: I will sign if you will!—This was a proposition they had not considered, and were not very well prepared to meet; but for his sake they said we will, and did sign, and he with them.

"And now, for the first time, the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and he sat down bathed in tears.

"Now," said he, 'gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman, I know she will be glad to hear it, but I cannot tell her.'

"Two of them started for that purpose. The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion—'What,' she inquired, 'is the matter?—what has happened to my husband?'

"They bid her dismiss her fears, assuring her that they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings, such as she would be glad to hear.

"Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yes, signed in good faith.—The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—wept freely, and clasping her hands devotionally, she looked up to heaven, and thanked God for the happy change. 'Now,' said she, 'I have a husband, as he once was, in the days of our early love.'

"But this was not what moved me," said the gentleman. "There was in the same vicinity another gentleman—a generous, noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends, and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, 'let us sign the pledge.' 'I will if you will,' said one and another, till all had agreed to it, and the thing was done.

"This gentleman thought it rather small business, and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But on returning home, he said to her—'Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you.' 'Well, what is it?' 'Why, I have signed the temperance pledge.' 'Have you?' 'Yes, I have, certainly.' Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in its sincerity, she entwined her arms around his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said—'Mary, don't weep, I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it—I will go and take my name off immediately.' 'Take your name off!' said she, 'no, no! let it be there. I shall now have no more solicitude in reference to your becoming a drunkard. I shall spend no more wakeful midnight hours. I shall no more steep my pillow in tears.'

"Now, for the first time, the truth shone upon his mind, and he faded to his bosom his young and beautiful wife, and wept with her. Now, I can't stand these facts, and I am going to sign the pledge!"—Speech of Gov. Briggs, at Lowell.

He thanked also the head of the members of the assembly for having passed a law, which, as he said, the spirit of the progress of civilization had so long demanded.—"This day," concluded the Prince, "will constitute an epoch in the annals of Wallachia."—*Post. Trans.*

Extinction of Slavery.

The Anti-Slavery work is still going on in the world. From various quarters the tidings come to us that the system is tottering or falling. Recent accounts from Smyrna state that the slave trade of Egypt has received a death blow. The government has issued an edict for the abolition of slavery at the end of fifty days. Of course the slave market felt the stroke at once, and there was an immediate decline of sixty per cent. in the prices. Purchasers, even at this reduced price, all stood aloof.

In New Granada the demand for the entire abolition of slavery is rising. A writer in one of their late journals urges a speedy extinction of the system. He says—

"That slavery is as injurious to the proprietors of slaves as it is to society, and that an immense amount of wealth will disappear from New Granada if the present slow and destructive plan for its abolition is continued. The emancipation of the children, leaving the parents in slavery, is said to work the most injurious effects; and it is necessary to make them all free or all slaves. The parents can only entertain hatred against society where it denies to them what it bestows upon their children. The liberty of all, the writer goes on to say, is a thing which the legislature may hasten, but should not be made simultaneously, on the 1st January, 1850, and that the government shall pay their proprietors five per cent. annual interest on their value, and that after that time it shall not be possible for any person to be held as a slave in the territory of New Granada."

Gratitude.

Examples of ingratitude check and discourage voluntary beneficence; and in this case the mischief small; for after all is done that can be done, toward providing for the public happiness, by prescribing rules of justice, and enforcing the observance of them by penalties or compulsion, much must be left to those offices of kindness which men remain at liberty to exert or withhold. Now, not only the choice of the objects, but the quantity, and even the

existence of this sort of kindness in the world, depends, in a great measure, upon the return which it receives; and this is a consideration of general importance. A

second reason for cultivating a grateful temper in ourselves, is the following:—The

same principle, which is touched with the

kindness of a human benefactor, is capable of being affected by the Divine goodness, and becoming, under the influence of that

affection, source of the purest and most exalted virtue. The love of God is the sublimest gratitude. It is a mistake, therefore, to imagine that this virtue is omitted in the Christian Scriptures; for every precept which commands, 'to love God because he first loved us,' pre-supposes the principle of gratitude, and directs it to its proper object. It is impossible to particularize the several expressions of gratitude, inasmuch as they vary with the character and situation of the benefactor, and with the opportunities of the person obliged; which variety admits of no bounds. It is no ingratitude to refuse to do what we cannot reconcile to any apprehensions of our duty; but it is ingratitude and hypocrisy together to pretend this reason when it is the real one; and the frequency of such pretences has brought this apology for non-compliance with the will of a benefactor into unmerited disgrace. It has long been accounted a violation of delicacy and generosity to upbraid men with the favors they have received; but it argues a total destitution of both these qualities, as well as of moral probity, to take advantage of that ascendancy which the conferring of benefit justly creates, to draw or drive those whom we have obliged into mean or dishonest compliance.—*Paley.*

The Funeral Knell.

There is something touching and tender in the tolling bell. Its sounds strike on the heart. It tells of the departing spirit to the untired realms of the spirit land. It tells of another life closed on earth, of sundred ties and anguished hearts and mourning friends, of an opening grave, of sad obsequies, of the solemn procession, and of the farewell look on the loved form of mortal remains. How many plains in life are suddenly interrupted, broken up and closed, by the unexpected messenger on the pale horse. So it was in the case of Mr. —. The bell tolled. It struck thirty-three. A man in the vigor of life had died; one in whom many hopes centered. A married man was torn from a beloved companion, a father removed from his family, a son from kind parents, a brother hurried off from affectionate kindness—a citizen, a man of business. The funeral came; an appropriate prayer was made at the house, the coffin looked into at home, and then the procession moved to the house of God, where solemn remarks were uttered, slow music heard, and another suitable prayer offered. I gazed sadly upon the aged parent, tottering upon the borders of the grave, and the mourning company. But the most stricken one was not there. She mourned alone, with health impaired. The coffin was borne to the grave, and lowered down. Friends cast a mournful look there. The friends dispersed. In returning from that impressive scene, I passed a store. It was shut. Darkness and silence reigned within. One of its occupants, the senior

partner, had just entered the new-made grave. My heart sunk within me. Is such a true sketch of earth's scenes? Are such dark clouds continually settling upon the abodes of men? Yes, I must die! You must! Every person is destined to the grave. What comes then? What will be true of us the next moment after death?—God speaks in his providence. Who hears, obeys, is preparing for eternity? O sinner, stop! You may be within a step of ruin—of eternal death. Listen to the entreaties of Heaven. Fall as a penitent before the cross. Then, when you come out on the other side of Jordan, a crown of glory will fall on your head, and angels will bear you to a seat at the right hand of God.

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A Happy Meeting.

Some months ago, a long account was published in many of the papers, of a young man who was living in the vicinity of Worcester, Mass., who was either lost or stolen from his parents nearly thirty years ago, when he was only three or four years of age—whose only recollection of the matter was, that he was taken from a large and thickly-settled place, (*Albany* as he has always supposed,) and carried he knew not whether—that after strolling through the country some years with a company of vagrant Indians or Negroes, with whom he suffered almost incredible hardships—having on one occasion narrowly escaped being murdered by one of their number—he finally escaped from them at Providence, R. I., and after living in one place and another, located in a New-England village, (*Grafton, Mass.*) where he was married about ten years ago, and has since resided. He has for many years called himself and been known by the name of Abraham Vest.

A correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal says:—That the above account fell into the hands of an aged couple in the town of Ontario, Wayne county, N. Y., who having lost two children about the period mentioned, felt a peculiar interest in this case; and the Postmasters of Ontario and New-England village, opened a correspondence on the subject. The result of it is, that the friends of Mr. Vest (who is poor) contributed the means, and he has just been out to see his supposed parents.

His journey was successful! The moment the mother saw her long-lost son, she fainted. But the more cautious son, anxious to ascertain to a certainty whether these were indeed his parents, required unimpeachable proofs. The mother, with a mother's memory, described the mark upon his back, and the scar of the scald upon his foot. He could no longer doubt, and the scene that followed may be better imagined than described. The parents who supposed themselves childless, rejoiced over the son that was found, and the fatted calf was indeed killed. The son, who supposed himself an orphan, rejoiced to find his parents, even in their old age. He also ascertained that his real name was John M. Wilson, and his age about 34 years.

At the time of the separation of the parents and children, (for a sister yet remains unjoined) the father was somewhat dissipated, and this was probably one cause of the calamity. The son has for several years been a highly respectable and useful member of the Baptist Church. How was his heart rejoiced to find both his parents pious members of the same communion! The writer saw and read a letter from the mother, which the son was carrying to his wife—the new daughter-in-law. It was a most touching and affectionate epistle from one who, after the frosts of nearly 60 winters had passed over her, had again found new objects of affection. The only thing wanting to fill their cup of happiness, is the restoration of the long-lost daughter. It is the intention of Mr. Vest, *alias* Mr. Wilson, to publish hereafter in pamphlet form an account of his somewhat eventful and romantic history.

When he thought thus in agony, the form of Christianity came by. He heard the song and transport of the great throng which no man can number around the throne.—There were the just made perfect—there was the spirit of her he mourned! Their happiness and hers were pure, permanent, and perfect.

The mourner then wiped away his tears, thanked God, and took courage. "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait, till my change comes." He returned to life's duties, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.

Anecdote.—The Rev. N. Lawrence, who labored as a minister of the gospel in the town of Tyngsboro' fifty years, experienced during that long ministry a variety of odd incidents, of which the following is a specimen. On one occasion, when preaching in the town of Westford, he took for his text, "Zacchaeus, make haste and come down;" a colored boy who sat in the gallery, hearing his name announced from the pulpit, and supposing some service was needed, rose in haste, left his seat, ran down stairs, making the church echo with the noise of his heavy cow-hide shoes, and was proceeding up the aisle, when a gentleman in a pew reached out his hand, caught him and asked him where he was going. "I am going to the pulpit," said he; "the old gentleman has called me." The boy's name was Zacchaeus.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who chase to the confines of the grave an erring brother.—*Portland Tribune.*

A Pleasant Scene.

A few weeks ago, five little girls and one little boy, were baptized in the baptistery of the First Baptist church in Lowell. The scene was solemn beyond description, and those who witnessed it will never forget it. After a sermon had been preached by the pastor of the church, from the words, "It is well with thee!" these little ones, one after another, went down into the baptismal

grave. Though the house was crowded to the utmost, yet an intense, and a calm, holy stillness reigned over the assembled multitude. The young and thoughtless were there, but they forgot their mirth. The hardened sinner was there, but he had no

heart to ridicule. The bold blasphemer was there, but before that scene the oath uttered on his lips. God was there; and many tears were shed, as the congregation bent forward to gaze upon the sacred service. I have witnessed many baptismal scenes, but never did I witness one more interesting and impressive. The solemn deportment of the youthful candidates, the crowded congregation, and the impressive service, all conspired to render the scene of intense and awful interest. Angels gazed upon that baptism, and, we trust, with delight. Christ saw it, and must have been pleased, while the church on earth was made very glad. We hope many more children, in this place and other places, will give their hearts to Christ, and follow him in his ordinances. However few sin the Sabbath school scholar may commit, they will require a Saviour's blood to wash them away. Baptism cannot do it—rivers of blood like that which flowed from Jewish altars cannot do it.

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